midſt of moſt of them, if not all; the force of their Fall argued them to fall from a great Height. Theſe are the Circumſtances have yet occurr'd; next Week when I go to *Snowdon*, I may chance to find the beginning of this Hail, at leaſt trace it as far as the Sea; and perhaps you may hear further of it out of *Yorkſhire*, beyond *York*, towards *Burroughbrigg*, and *Rippon*. What I take to be moſt extraordinary in this Phænomenon is, that ſuch a ſort of Vapours ſhould continue undiſperſt for ſo long a Tract, as above ſixty Miles together, and in all the way of its Paſſage occaſion ſo extraordinary a Coagulation and Congelation of the watry Clouds, as to encreaſe the Hail-ſtones to ſo vaſt a Bulk in ſo ſhort a Space as that of their Fall.

Yours, &c.

V. *Part of another Letter, Dated* May 1. *giving a larger Account of the ſame Hail-Storm.*

BEcauſe you will ſhortly hear a Report of a prodigious Hail-Storm, that fell in our part of this Country on *Thurſday* laſt, between Three and Four a Clock in the Afternoon, I will haſtily hint ſomething of the matter to you, leſt your ſelf and acquaintance ſhould think it fabulous. We had only the extreme Skirt of the Shower here, and there fell not above a Hundred Hail-ſtones in our Court, but they were much larger and harder than the oldeſt of us had ſeen: A Gentlewoman ſent for one into the Houſe, and found it by Meaſure to be about

about five Inches about. I was buſied a while in my Study, to preſerve ſome Papers from an expected Wet, one of the Stones having ſhiver'd a part of my Weſt-Window, but no Rain ſucceeded the Fall of the Hail. Then I went down and viewed the Garden and Court, and found the Stones had fallen at good diſtances one from another, and that they were melting very faſt, the Weather being very hot, ſcarce any of them was ſo little as a Muſquet Bullet, but moſt of them far bigger, and of that Figure. In a little time comes my Servant from *Bootle-Mill*, wherein he was during the Shower, and tells us a dreadful Story, what a Noiſe the Hail made upon the Slates there; and how the Sea ſeem'd to be riſen to an unwonted Heigth, and to bear the Appearance of a Wood. So they concluded that either the Mill would be beaten down upon their Heads, or the Sea overflow the Land and drown them; nor durſt they leave their Covert, for fear of being wounded by the Hail. When the Storm was over, he ſaid, he view'd the Hail-ſtones, and found them as big as Poot-Eggs. He told us many Sea-Fowl and Land-Fowl were killed; that he ſaw the one lie dead at a diſtance, the other in his return home; and as an Inſtance of it, he took up a Sea-Swallow on *Bootle-Marſh*, whoſe Wing was broken with an Icy Pellet, and brought her home. Conſidering that the Storm came from the North-Weſt, and that it was juſt ſpent when thoſe Stones fell here, I thought there was ſome Ground for my Servants Story; upon which I mounted and rid towards the Grounds which had ſhared more in it. When I came to *Bootle*, I ſaw *Jane Mutche*'s Windows ill batter'd; and a little further at the Spings, *Tho. Aſcroft*, who with a Maid was drawing Thatch, told me, the young Woman was knock'd down with a Hail-ſtone; ſhe confirm'd his Word, and added, as ſhe was running to the next Houſe

for

for ſhelter, her Hat fell off, and a Hail-ſtone that hit her behind the Ear made her tumble. Thence I went to *William Halſals* of *Linaker*, and found the Storm had been as violent there; *William* was in his Barn when it began, and told me, when he ſaw two or three of the firſt Stones fall, he thought ſome young Wantons had been throwing Eggs. I ſaw what Breaches of Thatch it had made upon his Barn, what Boughs it had broke off from his Apple Trees; and what Wounds the Hail-ſtones had made in the green Brow by his Houſe; I meaſured ſeveral of the Holes, and found them generally an Inch deep, and ſome an Inch and Half. He told me, the great Stones fell ſo violently into the Marl-Pit beſides his Houſe, that Spout of Water roſe a Yard and Half high. This unriddled my Man's Story, that the Sea appear'd like a Wood. I reſted a full Hour at *William Halſal*'s, where ſome Neigbours came in and told doleful Stories of the Effects of the Hail; how ſundry Teams of Horſes ran *Wood*, as they term it, upon the Strokes of the Hail; and had broke Carts and Ploughs. I remember the Inſtance of *James Williamſon*, who married *Edw. Butler*'s Daughter. A little before I remounted, a Man calls there from *Sephton*, and among his Hiſtories gives this Inſtance, That a certain Perſon was knock'd off his Horſe by the Hail, over againſt the Brick-houſe (*Darwin*'s) which is next to *Brian Fleetwood*'s, but that he preſently got up again, and purſued his Horſe. When I came home late in the Evening, I heard more News. Dr. *Tarleton* brought Tidings from *Ormskirk*, that Four Pounds Damage was done to the Inn (Mr. *Gleaſt* of *Leverpool* owner) where he ſet up; and that he took up Hail-ſtones as big as Duck-Eggs upon *Aughton* Common in his return hither. And Mr. *Shepherd* our School-maſter happen'd then to be at *Sephton* to ſhoot young Rooks, and was with another

another at the Ale-houſe on the ſide of the Church-yard; who profeſſes to me, upon the Fall of the Hail, the Church-yard ſeem'd to them as ſtrew'd with Duck-Eggs. He ſays, *Darwin*'s Wife weighed a Hail-ſtone brought in by Mr. *Letham*, which amounted to full half a Pound: And that Mr. *Peter Morton* (Brother to the Biſhop of *Kildare*) being a little way from the Hall of *Sephton*, where he and his Siſters dwell, pull'd down his Hat hard upon his Head to ſave his Face, and down comes a Stone and tears the Brim from the Crown, ſo far, that Mr. *Shepherd* could have put his whole Hand through the Hole. This Morning comes our conſtant Butcher, from *Ormskirk*, and tells Mr. *Richmond* and me, he would not undertake to repair the Glaſs broke by the Storm in that Town for Sixty Pounds; and that he was with Dr. *Tarleton* when *Gleaſt*'s Windows were all to the Weſt beaten in, and the Tiles off the Houſe. He adds, that Mr. *Barton* the Apothecary there, and Mr. *Ja. Farrer*, weighed two Hail-ſtones, which came to Three Quarters of a Pound a piece. This Morning *Rich. Taylour* of *Ince* came to Mr. *Richmond* for his Taxes, and affirms, That *William Fleetwood* and *Rich. Roſe*, had either of them a Horſe knock'd down in the Plow, and *Fleetwood*'s Man fell at the ſame time; the Hail being there part as big as Duck, and part as Gooſe-Eggs. In *Crosby*, ſome Beaſts were knock'd down. One *Jo. Holland* was found dead in *Skirmſdale* after the Shower, but whether by the Hail or Lightning (for it came with Thunder and Lightning I have not yet heard). I now ſtep back to a Domeſtick Concern forgot before, remembring my Servant had told me of the Slaughter of Sea-Fowl, I had a mind to ſend ſome People to the Sea-ſide for trial of the matter; but they told me it had been full Water at Six a Clock, and that the little

little Towns next the Sea would ſurely have pick'd them up; as we hear they did by Buſhels; but they would be the firſt at the next Mornings Tide. They rid out early, and brought in ſeven ſort of Fowls, as Curliew, Sea-Pye, Sea-Swallow, Gorre, and other we want Names for. And to give a rare Treat to ſome Friend, we have this Day put them up in Pots, and ſet them in the Oven. Mrs. *Mary Clayton*, coming this way with her *Preſton*-Siſter and Mrs. *Langton*, were a little while in the Shower before they got covert, and were ſo beaten by it, that they could hardly turn them in their Beds next Morning; they are now at *Leverpool* with their Bruiſes plaſtred. They could hardly paſs the Lanes for Baskets, Panniers, Sacks, and People, which the Horſes had thrown down in their return from *Ormskirk* Market. No Hail fell at *Everton*, *Lowhill*, or *Leverpool*, the Storm ending near *Walton*. But there was ſo thick a Darkneſs before the Storm, that in *Leverpool* many People ran out of their Houſes into the Street to look at the Face of the Sky, and it was marvellous dark here: *Sim. Smith* ſaith, the Stones that fell in *Ormskirk* rebounded many of them two Yards high, ſuch Force they fell with, and were ſo compact. Many a broken Head and bruiſed Body there were; I have ſeen many of them, haſt forbids more.

Yours, &c.